And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.

Fight, and take him.

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunnie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphes Theeues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

Queen. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland.*
Come make him stand vpon this Moulehill here,
That aymde at Mountaines with outstretched arme.
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of Sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George?*
Or where is that valiant *Crookebacke* prodegie?
Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Looke *Yorke*; I dipt this Napkin in the blood
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier poynt,
Made issue from the boosome of thy Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state:
I prethee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke:*
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and daunce.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou would'st be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke?* and Lords bow low to him?
So: hold you his Hands while I do set it on,
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heire,
But how is it that great *Plantagenet,*

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our *Henrie* had shooke hands with death.
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office, for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of *France*, but worse than wolues of *France,*
Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe.
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deedes:
I would assay, proud Queene to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamles,
Thy father beares the tipe of King of *Naples,*
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem,*
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proude Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verefide,
That Beggers mounted, runne their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernement, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at,
Tis vertue makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs:
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!